

AGED AUNT OF PRESIDENT WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT DISPLAYS A REMARKABLE KNOWLEDGE OF NATIONAL QUESTIONS OF THE DAY

STUDY OF WOMAN OF DEEP INTEREST

Furnishes Insight Into Character of Foremost Citizen of Land.

(Continued from First Page.)

That is why she wears the wedding ring, and maybe that is why, too, they always add, she has done so much for the world.

It is to her nephew, William Taft, that she has given the best of her generous heart. Even in that hour of supreme sorrow many years ago, she took no view of life that was not golden; and the sunny disposition of the present President of the United States of America, the famous Taft smile, and the hearty Taft handshake, reflect in no small degree those characteristics for which Miss Torrey is beloved in Millbury.

A study of the personality and character of this woman cannot but be of interest, because of the insight it gives into one of the strongest influences which shaped the life of the foremost citizen of the United States.

ALL KNOW MISS TORREY.

MISS TORREY'S home in Millbury, ten miles from Worcester, is easy to find.

Any conductor, any small child playing in the streets, or even a person who has but lately arrived in town, can point out the way. The house is approached by way of a large and beautifully kept lawn, and is an old mansion of dignity and real architectural beauty.

A generous smile, curling out of a chimney of even more generous proportions, seems to betoken a hospitable hearth within. White columns running the full height of the house serve to give the effect of an ante-bellum Southern exterior, an illusion which is dispelled on the appearance of the little Nova Scotia maid who responds to the rapping of the old brass knocker, and ushers one into Miss Torrey's parlor, which is typically New England.

The personality of President Taft dominates the room. Above the mantel hangs an enlarged photograph of the President, and on the old-fashioned writing desk lie popular magazines, and newspaper clippings pertaining to the Taft administration.

Quiet Dignity Shines From Eyes.

The President's aunt is a woman who appears not a day over sixty—dignity, kindness, and shrewdness looking out from her big gray eyes. Her carriage is erect, and her trimness and neatness is accentuated by a gown of black silk, made severely plain. Her plentiful hair is snow white, and the vivid color of her girlhood days has not faded entirely from her cheeks.

I had not known Aunt Delia before, but I took the liberty of carrying her a great, fragrant bouquet of carnations. We soon found that two people who love carnations stand on the same ground, and I found myself telling her all about a carnation farm in Reading, near Boston, where the perfume from the blooms in one of the greenhouses is almost stilling in its sweetness. Then she led me to the window, and pointed with pride to a bed of splendid tulips which bloomed in riotous color on the lawn.

A SUFFRAGIST.

MISS TORREY is remarkably well posted on all current topics, and is an omnivorous reader of the daily newspapers, by which she keeps in constant touch with the occupants of the White House. It is true that the President or some member of his family writes to Miss Torrey once each week, but for the rest of the time she depends upon the "tea table chatter" of the papers for information in regard to the political and social activities which center at the White House.

A few minutes' conversation with her does not fail to reveal the fact that she has decided views of her own on every question of the day.

When asked if she had read about the hissing of the President at the convention of the suffragists, the old lady straightened up and looked sternly over the rims of her spectacles.

"Yes, I read about it," she answered, "and I thought the President gave a pretty good answer when he told them women couldn't expect to control votes until they could control their emotions."

It was not difficult to turn the conversation at this point, to her own opinions as to the merits of woman's suffrage. Asked what she thought of women's voting and holding office, Miss Torrey's eyes twinkled humorously for a moment, and then she said, with decision:

Takes Part Of the Women.

"I think women should be allowed to vote, if they know enough. There is so much to be said, both for and against the question (this in a manner not unlike that of her judicial nephew), that it is hard to know just where to begin. There is so much talk about the lack of intellectual and mental qualifications in women by those who do not favor giving us the ballot.

"Well, it's never been tested. I've lived to an age when I've seen a great many wrongs to women adjusted by men who were the means of these wrongs. In a great crisis I don't know that a man's judgment has appealed to me as being any more reliable than a woman's.

"Here in my own neighborhood is an example that suggests the suffrage question. All these fine houses you see around here are owned by women. There is hardly a man living in them. These women pay taxes, yet they haven't any share in the town government.

"Do you think it is right?"
"Why, a Frenchman in this town paying a \$2 poll tax can get up in town meeting and spend freely the hard earned money of some woman who has saved more in her life than six generations of his family will save. We had a Frenchman on the board of selectmen here last year. I'm not certain but that he was chairman of it. He cut a great swath, wrote arti-

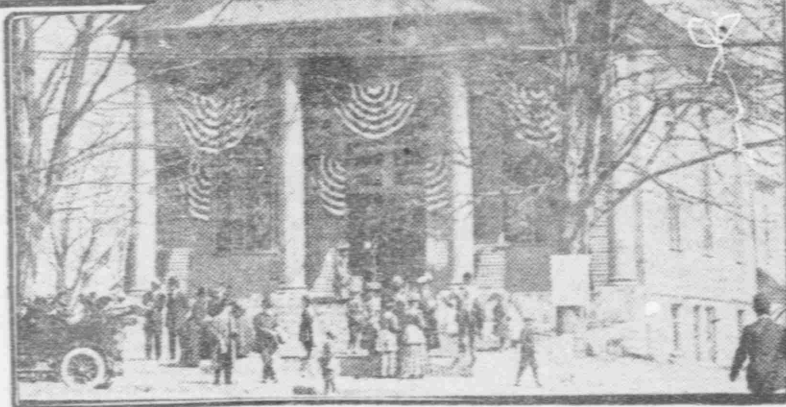
SCENES OF QUAINT MILLBURY, HOME OF "AUNT DELIA"



President Taft and "Aunt Delia" Torrey In Doorway of Latter's Home.



PRESIDENT TAFT'S BOYHOOD HOME AND RESIDENCE OF HIS VENERABLE AUNT.



SECOND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, WHICH TAFT ATTENDED AS A BOY. "AUNT DELIA" ALWAYS HAS WORSHIPED THERE.

ALWAYS WELL POSTED ON THE NEWS OF THE DAY

most even disposition of any man I have ever known.

"I like to think of him when President McKinley sent him to go to Washington. When he went, his mother and I, and all his people wondered what in the world the President wanted with William. Then we learned. The President had asked him to go to the Philippines. My nephew demurred, saying that his work seemed to be cut out for him in Ohio, where he was then a judge. But the President said to him:

"Judge Taft, sometime you will no doubt be asked to sit on the Supreme Bench of the United States. You will be far better fitted to accept this great honor if you will go to the Philippines and set up a government there."

Praises Work In the Philippines.

"In the face of this argument there was nothing to say. The judge went to the Philippines. I suppose that no man, coming from an entirely different nation, and sent to rule over a people in the midst of disorder, ever made a better success of it than did my nephew. You will remember that he was sent for to come home, and go on the Supreme bench, after he had been in the Philippines, but he told them his work

was not finished; that he must stay and see it through. Then he went to Cuba, and to Panama, then to the Presidency.

"I was at his home in Cincinnati when his election was announced, and, of course, we were all very much pleased.

"You may have read that possible deficiencies of the tariff have been blamed on the President. I should think people would look back and see that no President in past history has ever secured a wholly satisfactory tariff.

"No, I cannot for all who the next President will be. I have never had any conversation with my nephew as to his future ambitions. I do not regard Colonel Roosevelt as a serious candidate. Of course, more or less fuss is to be made over his homecoming, but that is no indication that it is the beginning of his Presidential boom.

HER STANDING.

MRS. CHARLES GRAVELIN, of Millbury, who has known Miss Torrey for many years, furnished a recent, but interesting sketch of the life of the latter.

"Miss Torrey is one of the sweetest women I have ever known," said Mrs. Gravelin. "Her early life was darkened when she lost her betrothed, and every-

AUNT IS BELOVED BY NATION'S HEAD

Miss Delia C. Torrey, of Millbury, a Great Influence in Taft's Life.

no one knew the big fellow seeking out shady places along the river bank in the summer days was going to be called to fill the President's chair. Every one in this town loves and honors the President and his aunt."

While waiting that evening for the car by which I was to return to Worcester, I walked by Aunt Delia's house once more. Two of the lower rooms were aglow with light, and no shutters were drawn at the windows. A glance from the gateway into the front parlor showed Aunt Delia herself seated by a small table. In her hands was one of the new magazines, in which she was no doubt following up some article written about her beloved nephew.

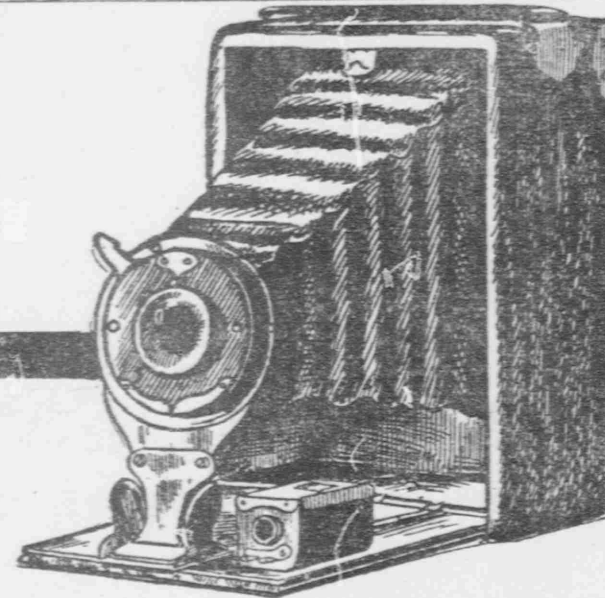
Suddenly she stopped reading, put the magazine face downward to the table, and looked across the room at the big photograph of the President, which hung on the wall opposite. Some happy thought of him had evidently pleased her, for she smiled to herself while she readjusted her spectacles.

Beauty of Life Is An Inspiration.

To know this aged woman for a single day is to marvel at her wisdom and at the beauty of her life.

On every public question of the day her mind was fully informed and fully alert. Her emotions have kept vital; her heart is today as warm and sweet as when she was the merriest girl in all that country side. It is also big enough to hold that which has come as the crowning glory of her life—to see the boy she loved in the highest position in the power of Americans to bestow.

She is the grand old woman of Millbury, and she is the President's aunt, and more than one man will remember, when he casts his ballot at the next election that when he votes for William Howard Taft he is voting for "Aunt Delia," too.



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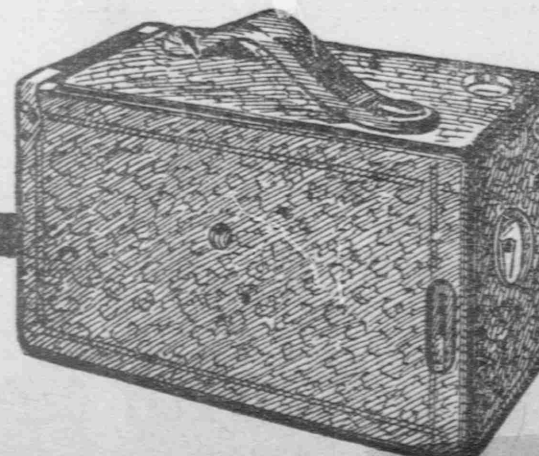
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